



## Select Poetry.

### THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home! how bright it beams  
When evening shades around us fall,  
And from the lattice far it gleams,  
To love, and rest, and comfort all;  
When weary with the toils of day,  
And strive for glory, gold or fame,  
How sweet to seek the quiet way,  
Where loving lips will kiss our name  
Around the light at home!

When through the dark and stormy night  
The wayward wanderer homeward flies,  
How cheering is that twinkling light  
Which through the forest gloom he spies!  
It is the light of home. He feels  
That loving hearts will greet him there  
As safely through his bosom steals  
The joy and love that banish care  
Around the light at home.

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from yonder cottage door,  
The weary laborer to greet  
When the rough toils of day are o'er;  
Sad is the soul that does not know  
The blessings that the beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the heaviest heart  
Around the light at home.

## Popular Tales.

### WILL YOU TRY ME?

It was George Shaw's summer vacation. The firm for which he daily measured tape and rolled and unrolled yard after yard of goods for the inspection of fashionable dandies who seem to look upon dry goods clerks as a species of automaton wound up and set going for their amusement, never tired and never run down, had given him a holiday, and now hurrah for the country and the glorious June breezes, the murmuring of brooks, the smell of new-mown hay, the tinkling of cow bells, and the bright eyes of country maidens.

George felt like a boy newly let out of school. Long years had passed since he had revelled in the innocent delights of rural pic-nics, sports and rambles, but his heart had not lost its freshness nor his spirit its buoyancy. Tape had not tied down his elasticity, nor had piles of dry goods smothered his capacity for enjoyment.

One evening during the preceding autumn, while passing through an unfrequented street on his way from his store to his boarding-house, George encountered a burly ruffian who had seized a young girl by the arm, and with ribald jests and obscene oaths, was trying to force her to enter some refreshment saloon of doubtful reputation—either mistaking her character, or sufficiently inflated with drink to be indifferent to her social status. A well-directed blow from George sent the wretch sprawling upon the ground, where he lay partially stunned and afraid to rise lest he should be met with another dose of the same medicine. Having disposed of the assailant, George's next care was for the victim, who leaned against a friendly tree. Her face was closely veiled, but her voice, as she thanked him for his assistance and protection, though tremulous, was low and sweet.

George, with a graceful disclaimer of any merit in the act he had just performed, drew her trembling arm within his and requested the privilege of accompanying her, that he might save her from further annoyance or molestation. This was gladly acceded to, and after a short walk they paused before the door of a handsome residence in an aristocratic quarter of the city, where, after learning his name and address, she bade him adieu, thanking him in the warmest manner for his kindness, but without removing her veil, or asking him to call upon her.

From this day, however, George's position in the house of Hayes & Co. seemed to undergo a mysterious change. Before, he had lived upon starvation wages, was snubbed by his superiors, and treated as underlings too frequently were. After this adventure his duties were made lighter, his treatment from the firm much better, and his salary raised by degrees until it reached a figure which enabled him to dress well and live in good style.

On the morning when our story commences, Mr. Hayes called our hero into the counting-room and addressing him kindly, said:

"Shaw, you have worked hard during the winter and spring; dull times are coming on; don't you think you need a holiday?"

"Yes, sir," replied George; "but you know my means are limited; my salary is all I have to depend upon, and I cannot afford to be wasting my time."

"Don't let that trouble you, my boy," said Mr. Hayes. "Your salary shall go on just the same during your absence; and here is a check for a hundred dollars to start on. Consider this a present from the firm. Now, where do you propose to go?"

George, overwhelmed with astonishment at this unexpected liberality on the part of his employers, could only stammer out that the idea never having occurred to him before, he had formed no plans in reference to it. "Well, then," said the good old gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his eye, which George, in his embarrassment, failed to notice, "let me plan for you. You can take the up-river train to-morrow morning, and by dark you will reach the little village of H..... which is nestled among the hills of ..... county, full of trout streams, with plenty of shooting and the best groves and rambles for pic-nics parties in the whole country. There is an old farmer living there, whom I have known for many years. I will give you a

letter to him, and you can make your home with him at a trifling expense, during your absence from the store."

George was too thankful for the unexpected liberality granted to him to find any fault with Mr. H.'s selection of a place for spending his vacation, even if his rural tastes had not inclined him to just such a spot; and on the evening of the day following the conversation with the old merchant, the H..... stage sat him down in front of an old but comfortable looking farm-house, at the base of a majestic hill, with broad lawns and meadows lying in front of it, traversed by many a winding stream.

He was received with a cordial welcome from the stalwart farmer, and a grasp from a brawny hand, which showed that the heart went with it. "Come in, stranger," said he, "come in—we ain't exactly prepared for visitors, though Mr. Hayes did talk some about sending up some young f'ks to keep us old ones company. Come in—mother will fix up some place for you to sleep."

A supper of new-laid eggs, home-made bread and freshly picked strawberries, was speedily upon a snowy table-cloth, and the party of four sat down to the table. There were the old man, his wife, George, and a fourth person, whose position in the family George was at a loss to divine. She was clad in a plain gingham dress, had evidently been helping to prepare the supper, and addressed the old farmer and his wife as uncle and aunt, but surely George thought that delicate tinge of rosy red upon her cheek was never acquired upon a country hillside, those hands could never have been preserved so soft and slender in milking cows and washing dishes, that aristocratic poise of the head, that dainty curve of the neck and that perfect self-possession was the result of something else besides country training.

He went to sleep between sheets of snowy whiteness, pillowed upon a yielding bed of softest "live geese feathers," and dreamed of the farmer's niece until he was awakened by the sound of an opera air beneath his window, and executed as none but a carefully trained voice of unusual sweetness could execute it. He sprang to the window, and through the half-drawn curtains saw only the young girl in her cotton gown and sunbonnet in the kitchen garden cutting lettuce for his breakfast.

He dressed and descended with an appetite sharpened by mountain air, and did ample justice to the hearty and wholesome viands set before him. George had come to the country with the intention of enjoying himself, and he set about forming the acquaintance of Julia, or July, as she was called by the farmer, at once, and so successful that in half an hour they were chatting like old friends. Spite of her aristocratic air, he could not draw from her any admission that she had ever known the pleasures of a city life, and George was puzzled to know how she had become possessed of so much information relative to music, the fashions, and the small talk of fashionable circles, which is supposed to be the property of the favored few. Soon a ramble was proposed, and with the grace of a fairy and the light step of a mountain sylph, she led him "through bush and through briar," to gaze entranced upon the beauty of the sky-line scenery. George began to wonder how he had ever been attracted by the stereotyped smiles and empty talk of city belles, whilst listening to her glorious descriptions of Nature's beauties, almost as it seemed, in the presence of Nature's God. This was but a prelude to other walks, drives, fishing parties, pic-nics, and rural excursions, in all of which she seemed the queen.

One day, when the time allotted for his stay was drawing to a close, they were in a boat upon a neighboring pond gathering water-lilies. Julia had made for herself a wreath, with which she had adorned her beautiful head, and was fashioning another for George, when, in reaching too far for a particularly fine lily, she lost her balance, and with a scream, fell into the water. George plunged after her, and the boat floated away. Her rescue seemed as first, for the shore was not far distant, and he was an excellent swimmer; but soon, to his horror, he found that she was entangled in the stems of the lilies which had formed a thick network beneath the surface. Vigorously he struggled to extricate her, but in vain. Then, in that moment of deadly peril, flashed upon him the truth that he loved the girl who rested, half unconscious with terror, upon his left arm, while he supported her and himself upon the surface with his right.

"Save yourself," cried Julia; "if both cannot live, at least do not let two lives be sacrificed."

"Never, Julia," he replied, firmly; "if you die I have no care to live, for Julia, you are my life. Tell me, Julia, here, struggling on the brink of eternity, do you return my love?"

"I do," she softly murmured; and as their lips joined in the first kiss of a true and fervent affection, she fainted.

"Oh, God!" cried George, "will no one come to our aid? Must I die now when I hold in my arms all that can make life dear to me? At least, kind heaven, save her, and let me be the sacrifice, if sacrifice there must be."

It seemed as though heaven had heard and answered his prayer, for almost at the same instant one of the farmer's men appeared in sight, and, answering George's frenzied call for help, he sprang into another boat which was lying at the landing place, and in a few moments George, almost exhausted, and his unconscious companion, were lifted into it. That evening, fully recovered, they both sat on the vine-

covered porch of the cottage. There was no need now of shyness or coyness. The tale of love had been told, and with her head upon his shoulder and his arm around her dainty waist, both were reveling in the sweet delirium of "love's young dream."

"It may seem unmaidenly, George," she suddenly said, raising her head from his shoulder, after he had been painting in glowing colors the delights of the cottage home they would enjoy together, some time in the future, when he should have earned money enough to have a home to offer her—"it may seem unmaidenly in me to say so, but I would much rather you would marry me and take me with you."

"Would that I could, my darling," replied George; "but you are poor I know—and, as for myself, I am a clerk on a salary, which, though large enough for one, would be but a small pittance for two."

"Never fear for me," returned Julia, laughingly; "I am a famous housekeeper, and while we have each other's love, what other luxuries shall we need?"

"But, dearest, can you bear up against the poverty which is all the marriage portion I have to offer you?"

"Can I?" was the womanly reply—"can I? Will you try me?"

And so the matter was settled, and in a few days George Shaw was married in the quiet sitting-room of the old farm house, and with his bride set out on his return to the city and the dull routine of measuring tape and peddling calico. Great was his surprise when the cars reached the depot to find Mr. Hayes, his employer, waiting for him on the platform.

"Ah, you young scamp," he said, joyfully; "you found something else besides trout streams in the village of H....., did you? You've made short work of me, see—Mrs. Shaw, I suppose. I am happy to welcome you, madam."

"But how, in heaven's name, Mr. Hayes, did you know I was married, and coming home to-day?" cried George, in a still greater maze of bewilderment.

"Never mind where I got my information," said the old gentleman; "I know how you have been driving over fences and through ditches, tumbling into mill ponds and pulling young ladies out; but my errand here is not to scold you. As soon as I learned of your marriage I knew your former bachelor lodgings would not suit, and I took the liberty of engaging other quarters for you. Jump into the carriage, both of you, and the driver will attend to the baggage."

If George's surprise was great before, how much was it enhanced when the carriage drew up at the identical door to which he had escorted the veiled young lady whom he rescued from the grasp of the ruffian more than a year before.

The happy pair were ushered into a handsome parlor, and Julia withdrew to exchange her travelling dress for one more suitable. George was engaged in examining the gorgeous paintings which adorned the walls, when a pair of soft arms were flung around his neck. He turned, and there stood the same figure, in the identical dress and veil which had leaned trembling against a tree while he polished off a brute on a pleasant summer evening long before. He lifted the veil, and beneath it found the laughing, blushing face of his own Julia.

"Sit down," said she "while I tell you my story. I fell in love with you at first sight, but I am of a romantic turn of mind, and have always entertained a holy horror of being married for my money. It is high time you should know, master George, that I am an orphan, and a rich one too. This house is mine, and my credit is pretty well established at Stewarts and Tiffany's. I took your address, and made sufficient inquiries about you to ascertain that you were poor and overworked. I had your salary increased and procured for you the vacation which procured for me a husband! And now, master George, what do you think of your country sweetheart?"

George's reply was much more impressive than words can make it, and would have continued much longer, if Julia had not complained that he was rumpling her dress and pulling down her hair.

He drives a span of fast horses now, and never regrets the lucky moment when he knocked down a brute and pulled a pretty girl out of a mill-pond.

### Changes in the English Language.

How much is there in our present familiar speech which would be strange and meaningless to one of Elizabeth's Court! How much again, do we find in any of the writers of that period—in Shakespeare for instance—which is no longer good current English! phrases and forms of construction which never fall from our lips now save as we quote them; scores of words which we have lost out of memory, or do not employ in the sense which they then bore. Go back yet farther, from half-century to half-century, and the case grows rapidly worse; and when we arrive at Chaucer and Gower, who are separated from us by a paltry interval of five hundred years, only fifteen or twenty descents from father to son, we meet with a dialect which has a half-foreign look, and can only be read by careful study, with the aid of a glossary. Another like interval of five hundred years brings us to the Anglo-Saxon of King Alfred, which is absolutely a strange tongue to us, not less unintelligible than the German of the present day, and nearly as hard to learn.

Beauty, though it is very pretty vanity, is of a frail constitution, liable to abundance of accidents, and is but a short lived blessing.

For drunkenness, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.

To persevere is one's duty, and to be silent is the best answer in calumny.

## Original Articles.

### For the Middletown Transcript.

#### Ice-Bound.

Old Winter seems loth to loose his hold upon us. Only last eve, as if to defy the timid approach of Spring and fright her away, he loosed his fierce minions, the north winds, and bade them bind all Nature with the icy chains of his power, for having dared to think of throwing off his sway; some of the trees having even shown their dainty buds. And well did they execute their King's commands. They bound every branch, and even the tiny twigs in hard and heavy ice-fetters. Meekly the little shrubs bowed themselves, without a murmur to the ground. The lordly trees strove to stand erect, but they were so encumbered they could scarcely move, and the heavy winds broke against them with fury; clashing their icy chains, so that many a noble tree was despoiled of its fairest branches in the vain contest. Every untimely bud was chilled to the heart; and the little birds were so affrighted that it stilled their songs for many an hour afterwards. Then the winds in a frolic decked the rough roofs and fences with crystal fringes that a mermaid might envy; and the air was filled with the sounds of the creaking and the crashing of limb against limb, as they struggled with the raving winds. And all that day the sun was shrouded from sight, and Winter reigned supreme. When night came, and the moon illumined the scene with her beams as cold as the crystals upon which they fell, the winds were again loosened to torture the poor trees. How they struggled, the bound branches, clashing their icy-fetters and often dashing them in pieces to the ground, in their impotent efforts to be free—and the chill moon shone calmly on.

When the morning broke you might have thought you had been transported to fairy land. The foliage quivered and sparkled in the golden light, with the burning blaze of a million tiny suns! The ice-fetters were transmuted to burnished silver, glittering with jewels of sapphire, and emerald, and ruby, as if the sunshine had got entangled and frozen there.—Snow-clad fields bearing crystal fruitage, gleaming and glittering with jewelled drops of liquid light! Icy hedges bound the snowy road on either side, and Winter's triumph was quite complete; for we could not but gaze upon his wonderful beauty with an admiration that was near akin to love; and we forgot to sigh for the vanquished Spring-time.

### Searching for Spring.

We have been bound in ice, and buried in snow-drifts so long, that right cordially will we welcome the Spring when she makes her advent among us.

This morn, I took a walk to see if I could discover any traces of her coming; but I was too early.—The buds and blossoms yet slept in their winter wrappings;—the snow lay in patches here and there, and so firm it did not sink beneath my tread. In the midst of thickly clustering trees, I came suddenly upon a pool, bound o'er by the clearest ice, as it were a mirror reflecting the beauty below. There could be seen the roots of over-hanging trees, whose otherwise rude forms were transformed into many grotesque and fanciful shapes, by a covering of velvety golden-brown moss, which glowed in the gleaming sunshine. The bottom of the pool was perfectly concealed by the faded foliage of dead summers. The forms of many of the leaves were as perfect as when they first sank beneath the surface of the water. A few were stained entirely black, some dark green, others brown or purple, and the rest matted o'er with moss. The sunshine had dissolved the ice in spots here and there, and the loosened water was rippled by the passing breeze, giving life to the still scene where no sound was heard save rustling leaves, and swaying branches. With lingering footsteps I left the place never again to see it the same.

I felt chill from remaining motionless so long, and wrapping my shawl more closely about me, attempted to pass quickly over the intervening space into the cleared ground. But my pathway was obstructed by the briars that infested it, and ever and anon I was obliged to stoop and unclasp their clinging hold. Thus, I thought it with the world. If we hold our hands aloft, and attempt to pass onward with hurried indifference, it will revolve itself by many a petty twitch and pull.

How soon forgotten.—So lately dead, so soon forgotten. 'Tis the way of the world. Men take us by the hand, and are anxious about the health of our bodies, and laugh at our jokes, and we really think, like the fly on the wheel, that we have something to do with the turning of the earth. Some day we die and are buried. The sun does not stop for our funeral; everything goes on as usual; we are not missed on the streets, men laugh at jokes; one or two hearts feel the wounds of affliction, one or two members still hold our names and forms. But the crowd moves in the daily circle, and in three days the great wave of time sweeps over our steps and washes out the last vestige of our lives.

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## Select Poetry.

### Shall We See and Know Each Other.

Shall we see and know each other  
In that happy home above?  
Will our souls be there united  
By those sacred bonds of love?  
Shall we meet with joyful feelings  
On that happy tranquil shore,  
There with seraphim and angels  
Live together evermore?

O, 'twould be very, very sad,  
To live a life like this,  
If the future did not promise  
Something more of joy and bliss,  
A haven bright and cheerful,  
Where all our troubles cease,  
There to live and love together  
In happiness and peace.

For the love we bear each other  
In this world where we move,  
Is nothing but the shadow  
Of that we'll know above,  
Where the skies are ever cloudless  
And sunshine is always;  
There we'll live and roam together,  
Chanting hymns of joy and praise.

## Our Olio.

### The Fidgets.

There are people whom one occasionally meets with in the world, who are in a state of perpetual fidget and pucker. Everything goes wrong with them. They are always in trouble. Now, it is the weather, which is too hot; or at another time, too cold. The dust blows into their eyes, or there is "that horrid rain," or "that broiling sun," or that Scotch mist. They are as ill to please about the weather as a farmer; it is never to their liking, and never will be. They "never saw such a summer," "not a day's fine weather," and they go back to antiquity for comfort—"it was not so in our younger days."

Fidgety people are rarely well. They have generally "a headache," or "spasms," or "nerves," or something of that sort; they cannot be comfortably in their way without trouble. Most of their friends are ill; this one has the gout "so bad," another has the rheumatic; a third is threatened with consumption; and there is scarcely a family of their acquaintance whose children have not got measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever, or some other of the thousand ills which infantine flesh is heir to. They are curiously solicitous about the health of every-body; this one is exhorted "not to drink too much cold water; another "not to sit in the draught;" a third is advised to "wear flannels;" and they have great doctors at their fingers' ends, whom they can quote in their support. They have read Buchanan and Culpepper, and fol their fidgets upon their descriptions of diseases of all sorts.—They offer to furnish receipts for pills, draughts, and liniments; and if you would believe them, your life depends on taking their advice gratis forthwith.

To sit at meals with such people is enough to give one the dyspepsy. The chimney has been smoking, and the soot has got into the soup; the fish is overdone, and the mutton is underdone; the potatoes have had the disease, the sauce is out of the right sort, the jelly is candied, the pastry is musty, the grapes are sour. Everything is wrong. The cook must be disposed of; Betty stands talking too long at the back gate. The poultry woman must be changed, the potato-man discarded. There will be a clean sweep. But things are never otherwise. The fidgety person remains unchanged, and goes fidgeting along to the end of the chapter; changing servants, and spoiling them by unnecessary complaints and contradictions, till they become quite reckless of ever giving satisfaction.

The fidgety person has been reading the newspaper, and is in a ferment about "that murder!" Everybody is treated to its details. Or somebody's house has been broken into, and a constant fidget is kept up for a time about "thieves!" If a cat-whisper is heard in the night, "there is a thief in the house;" if an umbrella is missing, "a thief has been in the lobby;" if a towel cannot be found, "a thief must have stolen it off the hedge." You are counselled to be careful of your pockets when you stir abroad. The outer pockets are furnished with latches, new bolts and bars are provided for out-houses, bells are hung behind the shutters, and all other possible expedients are devised to keep out the imaginary "thief."

"O, there is a smell of fire!" Forthwith the house is traversed, down stairs and up stairs, and a voice at length comes from the kitchen. "It's only Bobby burning a stick." You are told forthwith of a thousand accidents, deaths, and burnings, that have come from burning sticks! Bobby is petrified and horror-stricken, and is haunted by the terror of conflagrations. If Bobby gets a penny from a visitor, he is consulted "not to buy gunpowder" with it, though he has a secret longing for crackers. Maids are cautioned to "be careful about the clothes-horse," and their ears are often startled with a cry from above stairs of "Betty, there is surely something singing!"

The fidgety person "cannot bear" the wind whistling through the key-hole, nor the smell of washing, nor the sweep's cry of "sweep-oop, sweep-oop," nor the beating of carpets, nor thick ink, nor a mewling cat, nor new boots, nor a cold in the head, nor callers for rates and subscriptions. All these little things are magnified into miseries, and, if you like to listen, may sit for hours and hear the fidgety person wax eloquent about them, drawing a melancholy pleasure from the recital.

The fidgety person sits upon thorns, and

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring. But accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of past kindness is obliterated.

When Plato, was told that his enemies were making very free use of his name, he quietly replied: "I will endeavor so to live that no one will believe them."

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loves to perch his or her auditor on the same raw material. Not only so, but you are dragged over thorns, till you fall thoroughly unskinned. Your ears are bored, and your teeth are set on edge. Your head aches, and your withers are wrung. You are made to shake hands with misery and almost long for some real sorrow as a relief.

The fidgety person makes a point of getting out of humor upon any occasion, whether about private or public affairs. If subjects for misery do not offer within doors, they abound without. Something that has been done in the next street excites their ire, or something done a thousand miles off, or even something that was done a thousand years ago. Time and place matter nothing to fidgety. They overlook all obstacles in getting at their subject. They must be in hot water. If one question is set at rest, they start another; and they wear themselves to the bone in settling the affairs of everybody, which are never settled. Their feverish existence refuses rest, and they fret themselves to death about matters with which they have often no earthly concern. They are spendthrifts in sympathy, which in them has degenerated into an exquisite tendency to pain. They are launched on a sea of trouble, the shores of which are perpetually extending. They are self-stretched on a rack, the wheels of which are ever going round.

The fundamental maxim of the fidgety is—whatever is, is wrong. They will not allow themselves to be happy, nor any body else. They always assume themselves to be the most aggrieved persons extant. Their grumbling is incessant, and they operate as a social poison wherever they go. Their vanity and self-conceit are usually accompanied by selfishness in a very aggravated form, which only seems to make their fidgets the more intolerable. You will generally observe that they are idle persons; indeed, as a general rule, it may be said; the fidgety class want healthy occupations. In nine cases out of ten, employment in some active pursuit, in which they could not have time to think about themselves, would operate as a cure.

### SCANDAL.

The devil has a wonderful penchant for rebuking sin. Eyes which are full of beams have an unaccountable clearness of vision in detecting motes in others' eyes. Some people are brought into the world to accomplish a marvelous mission, and that mission is to ferret out obliquities of others. Of course it is not expected that these apostles have any business with themselves; their mission is violent, and does not admit of time to scrutinize their own position. What profit is it that they should stop to consider their own peccadilloes, when the enormities of their neighbors loom up like mountains?

So goes it the world over. Everybody minds everybody's business, but nobody neglects his own. What sort a world would this be, if we were without each other to feed upon? Men have eyes and ears for some purpose, and what else could they find for them to do, if not to hear and see each other's failings, derelictions, errors, transgressions, enormities. They have tongues which must stand uselessly idle, if not employed in giving currency to such delinquencies. So it is with man. The obliquities of his offended brother furnish the chief staple of conversational interest. Human error is the current coin of intercourse, and too often the coin comes from the speaker's brain.

Occupation? what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent! rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow man.

RELIGION AND REASON.—Religion is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion; the one cannot exist without the other. A reasoning being would lose his reason, in attempting to account for the phenomena of nature, had he not a Supreme Being to refer to; if there had been no God, mankind would have been obliged to imagine one.—Washington.

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## Wit and Humor.

A lady in Rhinebeck was recently reading to her child—a boy of seven years—a story of a little fellow whose father was taken sick and died, whereupon the youngster set himself diligently at work to assist in supporting himself and his mother. When she had finished the story, the following dialogue ensued:

Mother—"Now, my little man, if pa was to die, would'n't you work to help to support your mother?"

Boy, (not relishing the idea of work,) "Why, ma what for? Ain't we got a house to live in?"

Mother—"Oh, yes my child; but we can't eat the house, you know."

Boy—"Well ain't we got flour and sugar and other things in the store-room?"

Mother—"Certainly, my dear, but they will not last long, and what then?"

Boy—"Well, ma, ain't there enough to last till you could get a new husband?"



Edward H. Foster, No. 231 Poplar street, Wilmington, is authorized to solicit subscriptions, advertisements, &c. for the Middletown Transcript.

### "Look to the Senate!"

In the earlier and better days of the Republic, when hasty or ill-considered legislation, or measures likely to prove detrimental to the public welfare, were introduced into Congress, the heart of the patriot was solaced by the reflection that he could "look to the Senate" for the arrest or correction of the evil, well assured that that wise, patriotic and dignified body would not disappoint his reasonable hopes and expectations. But, alas! we fear there is little prospect, now, that the Senate will measure up to the standard of its former greatness, or be able to rise above the prejudices of party, to a proper appreciation of the grave and solemn responsibilities which now attach to it in its character of a court of impeachment; organized to try, for the first time in the history of our country, the chief Executive officer of the government, for "high crime and misdemeanor." And, be it remembered, that the act for which he is to be arraigned, or the principal allegation against him, is simply the exercise of a right which was conferred by the Constitution, and which belonged to all his predecessors, and which belonged to the government until now, or until Congress attempted to take away this constitutional prerogative, by the enactment of the Tenure-of-office bill. It is scarcely possible for any impartial and dispassionate man to realize that the offense, if offense there be, is commensurate with the grave and extreme penalty which Congress seeks to visit upon the President. If he should be convicted and deposed, under the circumstances, the result will go far to shake the popular belief in the stability of constitutional government, because, the precedent once established, it will be appealed to in future, to get rid of any President who may render himself obnoxious to a partisan majority against him in Congress. It must also be regarded as an evidence of the decline of civil liberty in our midst, and such must be the judgment of the world when the merits of the present impeachment issue are passed in review before it.

### The Vernal Season.

After a very long and an unusually severe winter, the vernal season is upon us. The snow has not yet entirely disappeared, but still lingers, in places, along the hedge-rows, in the ravines, and in the forest. The scaling Arbutus, and the Violet, and the Snow Drop, will soon be opening their delicate petals, and shedding their fragrance around them, to delight our eyes and regale our olfactorys. The frost, which so thoroughly piked our roads during the winter, facilitating travel, has left our high-ways and by-ways in a "melting mood," to be sure, but under the influences of old Sol's genial rays they will soon be dry again, and the traveler may resume his journeyings with accustomed facility. The farmers are preparing to drive their teams, and every thing around us heralds the approach of Spring. The season and its appropriate reflections are quite sufficient to put one in the poetic vein, but as our numbers do not flow as readily as the little rills which everywhere gush from the snow-clad hillsides, we substitute, in lieu of anything of our own, a little gem from one of the "Sweet singers of Israel," which, in all the poems that the vernal season has given birth to, we have not seen surpassed. It is this:

"For lo, the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth;  
The time of the singing of birds is come,  
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

We shall be pleased to hear from our Newark correspondent, as often as inclination moves him to write. His article is deferred until our next. There is no danger of his contributions finding their way into our "scrap basket." We appreciate them too highly for that.

**New Hampshire Election.**—A telegram to the New York World, professing to give the most reliable returns, gives Harris, Republican, 37,577; Sinclair, Democrat, 35,537. Republican majority 2,040. A Democratic gain of about 100,000 since last year.

Attorney General Stanberry has resigned his position in order to take part in the impeachment trial. President Johnson has accepted his resignation.

Richard Casey, charged with the murder of William Connell, in New York, last January, has been convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

William Cole, an Irishman, died in Hartford, Sunday evening, nearly 111 years old. He was never sick, married three times, and had nineteen children.

### For the Middletown Transcript.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—In your last issue I noticed an article against Building Loan Associations from Inquirer, and believing him to be honest in his views, and willing to be convinced of the truth of these benefits, I will, candidly, undertake to give him all the information in my power, at present.

First asking him to lay down his sarcasm and ridiculous attempt as a financier, and then to attempt to show himself ignorant of what all who undertake to rebuke any association should be possessed of, namely, the facts of the case.

I do not know how, better, to set forth claims of Building and Loan Associations, their originators, their practical workings, their benefits, and the mathematical problem Inquirer is pleased to sarcastically demand, than to copy the following from the *Delawarean* of Nov. 10, 1887:

"The present age is one of progress. Many are the means of a sound and practical nature that have been employed to develop individual character and enterprise, to ensure to honest industry the proper reward, and to increase the comfort and usefulness of the masses. Building and Loan Associations, in the accomplishment of these results, exercise no little influence. The first institution of the kind was established at Kirtland, in 1815, under the auspices of the Earl of Selkirk, a gentleman of large fortune and liberal views. Soon they extended into the manufacturing districts of England, and afterwards were established in London. They were introduced into this country over twenty-five or thirty years ago, and have operated successfully in most of our cities. In Philadelphia, whole districts have been built up through their instrumentality.

The primary object of these Associations is to convert rent into capital—to enable every man to become his own landlord. By uniting the savings of individual members small sums of money are rendered far more productive than they possibly could be if expended separately. By paying into a joint concern but little, if any, more than would be consumed in rent, a home can be procured and the money kept in the community.

We all know that every renter in the course of some eight or ten years pays enough money to purchase the property rented. These societies propose the association of individual energies and means, and the purchase of property instead of renting it. Usually to purchase property a large sum of money is required, and but few in these times can command the necessary capital; but most of our laboring and business men can save enough from their labor and business to pay a small sum every month. In fact they have to save enough to pay rent, and by a slight addition they could make some of the money they save in an association of this kind and thereby secure a home. It is true that all the members could not procure a home at the same time, but all could during the term of the Association's existence, and as far as our knowledge extends, from seven to eight years is the maximum period required.

The following is an outline of the plan and workings of an Association of this kind:

Let each share of stock be one dollar a month, paid in monthly during the term of the Association's existence. Suppose there are a thousand shares. Every month \$100 will be paid in, and this sum is put up monthly and sold to the highest bidder at a premium, and this premium is deducted, and the balance handed over to the buyer. With this advance the buyer must either build or secure property of equal value; and as security to the Association, give a mortgage on it equal in value to the net sum of money he receives.

A stockholder is allowed to bid for \$200 on each share he holds, and, after he borrows, pays, in addition to his dues for shares, 6 per cent. on the amount for which he bids. This interest is paid monthly.

This association winds up when the assets of it are sufficient to divide out to each stockholder \$200 for each share of stock.

To one not acquainted with the workings of these Associations, this might seem to be a suspicious mode of loaning money, the borrower being required to pay a premium at the outset, and thereafter an interest of 6 per cent. not simply on the amount he actually receives, but on the amount for which he bids; and this would be so, if the borrower and lender were two distinct parties, but the borrower is one of the stockholders, and the lender is one of the stockholders, and the interest is derived from the investment of the premium and interest which he pays.

Borrowing money from the Association, even at forty per cent. premium, is as cheap as borrowing money in the ordinary way at 6 per cent.

For instance, a stockholder owning 5 shares bids for \$1000 at forty per cent. premium. This would be \$400 premium, leaving him \$600 net. Now for this \$600 he is required to pay \$5 a month on his shares and \$5 interest a month, namely \$10. In seven years at this rate of premium the Association would wind up and in all he has paid \$440.

Suppose he borrows \$600 in the ordinary way. The interest would be \$36 per annum, and in seven years \$252, making in all \$852, showing a balance of \$12 in favor of borrowing from the Association even at 40 per cent. An important consideration is that the return payments are made in small and convenient sums paid monthly, and not in bulk at one time as in ordinary loans. Another advantage is that the Association loans to the full value of the mortgage, and not merely to two-thirds or three-fourths of the value as in ordinary loans. This it can do, because it has already received a premium from the borrower, and also because the borrower begins to pay back portions of the principal money, thus lessening the risk every month.

As an instance of the practical working of an association of the kind we give the following:—Suppose a man occupies a house worth \$2000, for which he pays, at rent, \$200 per annum, payable monthly, quarterly, or yearly, as the case may be, he will in eight years have paid \$1600 and lost the simple interest on the payments of the rent he has made within that time, amounting to \$400. He has con-

sumed in all \$1600, for which he has nothing to show but his landlord's receipts.

Suppose he had 15 shares in this Association, he is entitled to bid for \$3000, and at 35 per cent. premium he would get \$2000 and purchase the house heretofore rented. He would then have to pay 6 per cent on the \$3000, which would be \$180 per month. This with his monthly dues on 15 shares would make \$300 per month, which in eight years would amount to \$2880. The interest on his shares of stock and been added to them. Hence by paying \$1184 more than his rent, as before, he has in eight years become his own landlord and secured a home worth \$2000 or more, according to the rise in property, and has also had the occupancy, rent free, eight years, worth more than the difference. In a word his house has cost him \$1184.

This is by no means an extreme case, but one which has frequently taken place in Building and Loan Associations.

He who does not build at the commencement of the Association's existence has advantages as well as the successful bidder. The delayed date of purchase will shorten the time for the additional payment of interest; and every cent paid into the Association is not only so much saved, but invested in the safest possible manner, and accumulating far more rapidly than by any other mode of investing small sums.

Hoping Inquirer's mind may rest at ease and his eyes be gladdened by the happy homes that can now be secured by those who heretofore have never been bid to aspire to a home of their own. I cordially invite him to call upon us again.

Wm. B. BUILDING LOAN.

Correspondence of the Middletown Transcript.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Having not as yet written anything for the columns of your worthy paper (the *Transcript*) I thought I would make mention of a new feature in the swindling business, as practiced by some deceptive person, who, upon a close observation would pass for white, but of rather a dark principle, as will be seen from the following statement. On Sunday night, February 23rd, the black population of Sandy Branch, were thrown into a great excitement, by the appearance of a white man, claiming to be their Moses, in their midst, who as he stated was authorized to furnish them with checks to the amount of from four hundred to four thousand dollars a piece, payable at the Citizens National Bank of Middletown.

The writing of characters on said checks resembled some ancient Hieroglyphics, or signs, that the man himself or no one else could make sense of, however, his fee for the same being from one to five dollars each, whereupon he succeeded in getting a pretty good sum, besides a watch or two, and after so doing he has left for parts unknown, to the great astonishment of said Sandy Branchers. But, before leaving them, and still further to increase his well filled purse, promised to build a church and school house. The building of the same, to commence on the following Tuesday, provided they would raise from their neighbors and acquaintance, a certain sum wherewith to purchase a piece of land, for which he would pay one hundred dollars per acre, and also have the privilege to build where he saw proper, without asking consent of the owner or owners. Now the simple block-heads, had no more sense or forethought than to do as they were bid, and at present find to their sorrow that they have been duped and cheated out of some one, two, or perhaps three hundred dollars. On Saturday night last he again made his appearance, but taking good care not to visit the same house at which he stopped the Sunday night before, but calling upon an old colored man by the name of John Robinson, asking for lodging for the night, John unconscious of his business received the swindler under his roof; next morning John's visitor proposed to sell him his bounty money (some three hundred dollars), if John would first give said swindler three dollars, the required sum was handed over and in exchange John received an old stocking, securely sewed up, with the request that it should not be opened until said swindler had left, John's curiosity being at the highest pitch proceeded after some time to examine his supposed piece of greenbacks, John turning to his better half and saying "bress de Lord marse Lincoln has gone and done it at last, for marse Johnson under de bench, and give us de gemmen what makes money for de colored pussens," but here he was sadly disappointed, for instead of bounty money, Lord bless you honey, a pair of dirty stockings and the rusty frame of an old portmanteau. Well, John was sold for three dollars cash, and he wishes to see dat gemmen once more before he dies.

Now we may take the foregoing as an act of kindness as practiced to a great extent during the last few years, by those who profess to take so great an interest in Sambo's welfare, using him as a screen, from behind which the country and her rights are gulled and cheated.

JOHN THOMPSON.

Sandy Branch, March 4th, 1888.

Louisiana Constitution.

The white minority of the Louisiana Convention have entered their protest against the adoption of an instrument which the majority of that body has presented to the people for ratification as a constitution. They say that social equality is attempted to be enforced, an outrage which is as far beyond the authority of legislation as it is beyond the bounds of decency and common sense; that the right of citizens to control their own property is attempted to be taken from them, which is hardly more than is now done under military rule, but which is none the less outrageous as one of the purposes of a constitution is to be permanently established; that the judicial system is radically defective, rendering the right to property and the lives and liberties of the people uncertain, and that the system of public education can be sustained only by heavy contributions forced from tax-payers who do not approve of it. Such is the system which the Radicals would force upon the people of the South by the use of Military power.

Philadelphia Age.

The South Carolina State Convention will adjourn to-day.

### History Repeating Itself.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Age.

The efforts made during the last year to impair the confidence of the people in the Chief Magistrate of the Union, and to bring about a complication of public affairs, such as would render it safe for the dominant party in Congress to depose the President for political reasons (although carried further), is not without a parallel in our history.

In 1795 an attempt was made to destroy the character of President Washington, with an intention, had it succeeded, to impeach him. The parties combined to accomplish these objects consisted of—

I. The opponents of the Funding Scheme of Alexander Hamilton.

II. The partisans of the French Directory.

III. The opponents of the Excise Law.

This combination assailed Washington with a bitterness and vigor never since surpassed in this country. The vials of party wrath were poured out against him through a malignant press. We are told by Chief Justice Marshall—

"His military and political character was attacked with equal violence, and it was asserted that he was totally destitute of merit, either as a soldier or a statesman. The calumnies with which he was assailed were not confined to his public conduct; even his qualities as a man were the subjects of detraction. That he had violated the Constitution in negotiating a treaty without the previous advice of the Senate, and embracing within that treaty subjects belonging exclusively to the Legislature, was openly maintained, for which an impeachment was publicly suggested; and that he had drawn from the Treasury, for his private use, more than the salary annexed to his office, was asserted without a blush. This last allegation was said to be supported by extracts from the Treasury accounts, and was maintained with the most persevering effrontery."

In addition to the insurrection in the western counties of Pennsylvania, which Washington believed to have been "fomented by the self-created societies who were laboring to effect some revolution in the government," the President was embarrased by divisions and dissensions in his Cabinet, and a want of fidelity on the part of some members of his Cabinet, and was also confronted by a serious dispute with the House of Representatives, arising out of his refusal to comply with a resolution of the House requesting the President to lay before it the instructions, correspondence, and other documents relative to the treaty with Great Britain negotiated by Mr. Jay. His biographer, Washington Irving, says:—

"Washington, believing that these papers could not be constitutionally demanded, resolved from the first moment and from the fullest conviction of his mind, to resist the principle which was evidently intended to be established by the call of the House; he only deliberated on the manner in which this could be done with the least bad consequences."

Washington, in his answer, after observing that to admit the demand would establish a dangerous precedent, concluded by declaring that "as it was essential to the due administration of the government that the boundaries, fixed by the Constitution, between the different departments should be observed, a just regard to the Constitution and to the duty of his office forbade a compliance with the request."

This decided answer subjected President Washington to numerous misrepresentations and fabrications, which, says Marshall, "were such unwearied industry pressed upon the public in order to withdraw the confidence of the nation from his chief." Amid all these difficulties President Washington pursued the even tenor of his way, but that his magnanimous heart received a deep wound from these persecutions and misrepresentations there is ample evidence in his letters.

To Jefferson, he writes, "until within the last year or two I had no conception that parties would ever could go the length I have been witness to; nor did I believe until lately that it was within the bounds of probability, hardly within those of possibility, that while I was using my utmost exertions to establish a national character of our own, and wished by steering a steady course to preserve this country from the throes of a desolating war, I should be accused of being the enemy of one nation and subject to the influence of another; and to prove it, that every act of my administration would be tortured, and the grossest and most insidious misrepresentations of them be made, by giving one side of a subject, and that too in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even a common pickpocket."

Again, we are informed that when the Minister of the French Republic set the acts of the United States government at defiance and threatened the Executive with an appeal to the people, and the latter, notwithstanding the indignity thus offered to their Chief Magistrate, sided with the aggressors, and exalted in their open defiance of his national policy, he became weary and impatient, and being handed one of those scandalous libels in circulation called "The Funeral of George Washington," wherein the President was represented as placed upon a guillotine, a horrible parody on the late decapitation of the French King, "burst forth," writes Jefferson, "into one of those transports of passion beyond his control; inveighed against the personal abuse which had been bestowed upon him, and defied any man on earth to produce a single act of his since he had been done in the purest of motives. He had never repented but once having slipped the moment of having resigned his office, and that was every moment since. In the agony of his heart he declared that he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation; that he had rather be on his farm than to be made Emperor of the World, and yet, said he, indignantly, they are charging me with wanting to be King."

From Randolph, Secretary of State, he demanded an explanation of his statements to the French Minister, (contained in an intercepted dispatch of the latter to his government,) which reflected on the purity of conduct as well as fidelity of the Secretary to his superior. The explanation was promised, and Mr. Randolph resigned on the spot.

The country finally took the alarm and came to the defense of the President. The General Assembly of Maryland passed an unanimous resolution to the following effect, that "Observing with deep concern a series of efforts, by indirect insinuation or open invective, to detach from the Chief Magistrate of the Union the well-earned confidence of his fellow-citizens, they think it their duty to declare, and they do hereby declare, their unabated reliance on the integrity, judgment, and patriotism of the President of the United States."

Meetings were held in every part of the Union to express the public feeling in the matters referred to in this communication. The result was that the character of the illustrious Washington came out of the ordeal without a stain upon it, and the people, although they did not espouse his views, avowed their readiness to support him in the exercise of his constitutional functions.

The difficulties to which we have referred occurred early in our history, and when the government was as yet an experiment, and it is difficult to perceive how it could have been maintained and preserved had the opponents of the policy of Washington's administration succeeded in their attempts to destroy the affections of the people for his person and their confidence in his character.

The history of these controversies may be read with advantage in the present turbulent times at Washington. The people should, without distinction of party, imitate in this emergency the example of the Fathers in maintaining unimpaired the rights, prerogatives and dignity of the Presidential office. They should demand that the questions in dispute between the Executive and Congress, be submitted to the Supreme Court for decision, and that there be no deposition of the President for political reasons, especially as we are within a few months of the time when the people, of whom Presidents, Senators and Representatives, are but the servants, will at the ballot-box pronounce their decision on the grave questions at issue, and to which all will cheerfully submit. This course is demanded alike by wisdom and patriotism, and will save us from dangers which it is to be feared will follow any other course. We may flatter ourselves that we are a people too enlightened and too good to pass into the excesses which have marked revolutions in every age. But we should remember that in all ages of the world, and in all countries, excited passion, in its extremes, is the same; the individual man, however enlightened and upright he may be as an individual, is merged in the mass to which he belongs, identifies himself with the passion or idea of the hour, and rushes on to destruction. Oh! that men would learn something from history. But it has been well observed, that we ever place the lantern in the stern, and not at the prow. It sheds its light only on the tumultuous billows of the past. We there see the wreck of nations that have committed themselves to discord and anarchy, tossed and heaving on the stormy surge. Let the people of the United States beware how, under any circumstances, they allow a political party to depose the Chief Magistrate of the Union, as is now proposed to be done, lest, heedless of the rocks ahead, the Ship of State be dashed into fragments, and all are engulfed in common ruin, the Republic lost, and the incapacity of man for self-government established beyond controversy.

Admission of Senator Vickers.

The Baltimore *Sun* of Tuesday says:—It will be seen that the Hon. Mr. Vickers, the newly elected United States Senator from Maryland, was yesterday sworn in and took his seat. As we anticipated no objection was made to Mr. Vickers on the score of his political or personal antecedents, but, nevertheless, Mr. Sumner made an ineffectual effort to prevent his admission by offering a resolution referring his credentials to the committee on the judiciary, to inquire whether this State, with its present constitution, has a republican form of government, so as to be competent at this time to elect a Senator of the United States. This is a fair specimen of the unscrupulous facility with which the extremists of whom Mr. Sumner is the type, find pretext to exclude from the halls of legislation all who differ from them in political opinion; at one time, as in the case of Mr. Thomas, impeaching their loyalty, and in another, as in that of Gen. Vickers, where no such imputation possibly could be made, falling back upon this exploded pretence that the government of his State was not republican, and therefore incompetent to elect a Senator. Even Mr. Sumner, of California, felt compelled to pronounce the grounds on which Mr. Sumner based his resolution ridiculous, and moved to lay it on the table, calling for the yeas and nays. Mr. Sumner finally withdrew his resolution, saying he had accomplished his purpose in making the point. That was a good point at which to stop, and we hope Mr. Sumner will rest upon it. In the meantime we congratulate the State and country that the good old Commonwealth of Maryland is now, after an interval of a year, fully represented in the Senate of the United States. Verily, we have a republican form of government.

WOULD RESIGNATION STOP TRIAL.

Since the report became current that Mr. Johnson might resign in case the points he intends to make against the proceedings of the Senate are decided adversely to him by a party vote, the question as to the effect of such resignation has engaged the general attention of lawyers. Opinion appears to be very much divided upon the matter. Some lawyers of high standing, and among them some who are known to sympathize with Mr. Johnson, hold that such action on the part of the President would not of necessity prevent the Senate from proceeding with the trial and pronouncing its judgment. On the other hand, lawyers of both political parties maintain that such a step would be a complete bar to further proceedings.

A snow slide of five or six miles in extent occurred lately near the town of Cicou, a mountain station on the Central Pacific Railroad. Six Chinamen are known to have been killed. Seven locomotive engines were buried by the avalanche.

### Items of News.

On Monday last the ice gorged just below Toledo, Ohio, causing the water to rise rapidly during the night, and by Tuesday morning the warehouses, docks and lumber-yards, along the river, were completely flooded. The Island House Hotel, railroad depot, and all the adjoining buildings are inundated. The Cleveland and Toledo Railroad bridge sustained some damage, but travel is uninterrupted and the repairs will be completed soon. On Tuesday, the gorge gave way, and the whole mass moved down the stream, carrying with it about two hundred feet of the Cherry street bridge.

S. B. Hayman, the American Express messenger on the Hamilton and Dayton train, was robbed by a party who entered the car by means of false keys after the train left Lockland. The robbers escaped at the next station, carrying with them packages containing \$20,000. The messenger was discovered bleeding and senseless. The money belonged to parties in Indiana and Illinois.

Advices from Vera Cruz via Havana state that the trials of the persons alleged to have been engaged in the late conspiracy to overthrow the Juarez Government, are progressing. The plan of the Mexicans was to assassinate the members of the Juarez cabinet, overcome the regiment stationed at the palace, rob the treasury, and indulge in scenes of rapine and murder.

A private letter received in Washington from Fort Laramie, Kansas, states that Red Cloud and his band of Sioux Indians had come into the fort. The writer also says that it is believed there is greater probability of making treaties with all the hostile Sioux during this spring than ever before.

Work has been resumed on the Kansas Branch Pacific Railroad, and track laying will commence in a few days. It is expected that twenty miles of the new road will be ready for inspection within two days. The line of the road is entirely free from snow, and there is no obstruction whatever to travel.

The Cheyenne *Star* has a report that a government freight train had been attacked by Indians, near Fort Fetterman; that the garrison at the fort has been surrounded, and escape cut off, and that the troops from Fort Russell were on a march to the relief of the garrison and train.

The medal ordered by the Wisconsin Legislature of 1867, to be presented to Cyrus W. Field, has just been received. It is solid gold, costing \$1,000, and is inscribed, "To Cyrus W. Field, the original projector of the Atlantic Cable."

Five ladies have been sworn in by the Legislature of Kansas to act as enrolling clerks to that body, and three ladies were chosen on the school committee at the town election in Reading, Mass., on Monday last.

It appears to be the unanimous testimony of all who have had occasion to dig in the ground during this winter, that the frost has penetrated to a greater depth than for many years.

The election for city officers of Salem, N. J., on Tuesday last, resulted in a democratic majority of 152—democratic gain of 72.

Rossini received a golden laurel crown from the musicians, on occasion of the five hundredth performance of his "William Tell."

Queen Victoria has twelve grand-children.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday, the 10th inst. by Rev. Mr. Morel, Mr. Theodore Palmerston, of Smyrna, and Miss Ella Spear, of this town.

DIED.

In Baltimore, on the 5th inst. Elias, son of Martha E., and the late Wm. C. Glenn, formerly of Cecil county.

THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETOWN MARKET.	
Wheat, prime red.....	\$2 50
Corn yellow.....	1 08
" white.....	1 05
Oats.....	70c/75
Timothy Seed.....	4 00
Clover Seed.....	4 00
Butter.....	45c/50 cts. 34 lb
Eggs.....	30 cts 34 dozen
Pork.....	16c/18 "
Geese.....	16c/18 "
Ducks.....	16c/18 "
Chickens.....	16c/18 "
Turkeys.....	16c/18 "
Beef.....	20c/25 "
Hams.....	16c/18 "
Sides.....	14c/16 "
Shoulders.....	16c/18 "
Potatoes.....	10c/12 bush
WILMINGTON.	
Wheat red.....	\$2 60
Corn.....	1 14
Oats.....	75c/80 "
Flour.....	\$12 15c/13 50
PHILADELPHIA.	
Prime red wheat.....	\$2 50@2 55
Corn, new yellow.....	1 15
Oats.....	80c/85

MISLER'S HERB BITTERS.

Has cured more Diseases in communities where it is known, than all other Medicines combined; and is kept in every Family. It is the Only Remedy that Really Purifies the Blood, and has never failed in curing Dyspepsia and Kidney Affections. As a general remedy to build up a shattered and broken down constitution, nothing can equal it.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

Misler's Green Label Herb Bitters, is a specific for Scrophulous, Old Running Sores, and Rheumatism. Sold every where. Jan 18-3m

NOTICE.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and firm of Hurlock & Cochran, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, and Edwin E. Cochran, alone, authorized to settle the affairs of the Co-partnership, and sign the name of the firm in liquidation.

The undersigned calls upon all persons indebted to the late firm of HURLOCK & COCHRAN, to make payment unto him, and all persons having claims against the same, EDWIN E. COCHRAN, for HURLOCK & COCHRAN, in liquidation. March 11th 1888.—1 m

PRINCE ALBERT.

THIS celebrated Canadian Stallion will stand for March, the season, season, Insurance—One colt \$20, two colts \$18 each, three colts \$16 each, four colts \$14 each, five or more colts \$12 each. JAMES T. SHALLCROSS. March 14-3m

### 628 HOOP SKIRTS. 628

WILLIAM T. HOPKINS' "own make" of "Keystone Skirts," are the best and cheapest Low Priced Hoop Skirts in the market. Trail Skirts, 25 springs, \$2.00; 30 springs, \$2.20; and 40 springs, \$2.50. Plain Skirts, 8 tapes, 20 springs, 30 cents; 25 springs, 36 cents; 30 springs, \$1.15; and 35 springs, \$1.40. Jersey Skirts, every variety. Our own make of Union Skirts, 25 springs, 30 cents; 30 springs, \$1.20 to \$2.50. Plain Skirts, 20 to 50 springs, from 95 cents to \$2.00. These Skirts are better than those sold by other establishments, and are of the first class goods, and at much lower prices.

Our own make of Champion Skirts are in every way superior to all other Hoop Skirts before the public, and only have to be examined or worn to convince every one of the fact. Manufactured of the best linen-finished English Steel Springs, very superior tapes, and the style of the metallic fastenings and manner of securing them surpass for durability and excellence any other Skirt in this country, and are lighter, more elastic, will wear longer, give more satisfaction, and are really cheaper than all others. Every lady should try them. They are being sold extensively by Merchants throughout the country and the adjoining States, at very moderate prices. If you want the best, ask for "Hopkins' Champion Skirt." If you do not find them, get the nearest lady with whom you deal to order them for you, or come and send direct to us. Merchants will find our different grades of Skirts exactly what they need, and we especially invite them to call and examine our extensive assortment, or send for Wholesale Price List.

To be had at Retail at Manufacture, and of the Retail Trade generally, and at Wholesale of the Manufacturer only, and all orders should be addressed. Manufacture and Salesrooms, 628 Arch Street, between 6th and 7th streets, Philadelphia. W. M. T. HOPKINS. March 11-4m

### The Knickerbocker Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, ACCUMULATED CASH ASSETS FOR THE SECURITY OF POLICY HOLDERS.

POLICIES ISSUED, 1867:	10,000
PAID FOR THE YEAR, OVER	\$2,000,000
PAID TO WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF DECEASED MEMBERS.	\$300,000
AMOUNT OF INSURANCE COVERED BY POLICIES.	\$50,000,000



# The Middletown Transcript

Published every Saturday.  
BY HENRY & WM. H. VANDERFORD.  
TERMS:—\$2.00 per annum, payable in advance.  
Single copies five cents.  
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All letters should be addressed to THE MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT, Middletown, Del.  
Office corner Main and Scott streets, over D. L. Dunning's Book and Variety Store.

## LOCAL AFFAIRS.

**Kent County Rail Road.**—An adjourned meeting of the Board of Directors of the Kent County Rail Road, took place at Chestertown on Thursday. The contract for building the road was awarded to Maj. A. F. Sears, of Newark, N. J. State Agent of New Jersey Rail Road interests. Col. Enosh Harrison, of Bergen, N. J., and Charles T. Stratton, Esq., of this town, at the sum of \$548,000. The contractors take \$278,000 of the bonds at par, \$100,000 in county bonds, and a guarantee of \$170,000 in cash. The lower terminus of this road will be at Deep Bottom, about thirteen miles below Chestertown. The contractors purpose to begin the road without delay, as soon as they can get the requisite material together. They will probably begin at Deep Bottom, for the convenience of transportation. There will probably be a generous rivalry between the Kent and Queen Anne's roads, as to which shall be completed first.

**Meeting of the Delaware and Maryland Peach Growers' Association.**—Absence from our post, last week, prevented us from being present at the meeting of Peach Growers, at Odessa, on Saturday. We have received no official account of their proceedings, and presume that nothing of public importance transpired, or they would have made it known through the press. We learn, through a gentleman who was present, that a code of by-laws was adopted. What number of members were reported by the committee having the matter in charge, we are not advised, though the public would no doubt like to know. This is more important, perhaps, to the Association, than to the public, since their separate and independent organization has been the subject of animadversion by gentlemen attached to a similar association, which meet at Dover.

**Rail Road.**—George B. Money, esq., is pushing, with singular energy, the scheme of a railroad from Delaware City to connect with the Delaware Railroad. A few more men of his spirit, to support him, would have completed such a road long since. Two routes surveyed last autumn by Prof. E. D. Porter, of Newark, made the distance from Delaware City to the junction, one route five miles, and the other five and a quarter miles. A few days since Mr. Money, with three other gentlemen from Delaware City, surveyed a line following the river to Red Lion Creek, then to Bear Station, and made the distance four and a quarter miles. The cost of this road, in consideration of the commercial advantages to Delaware City, would be insignificant.—Commercial.

Wm. M. Kennard, importer of Ladies' Kid Gloves, No. 306, Market street, Wilmington, offers Vienna Kid Gloves at \$1 and \$1.25, of all sizes and shades. Jouvin's best, \$1.75; Exposition \$1.75, and Trefousse, \$2. The Exposition and Trefousse glove is not known in this market, but we wish to introduce them, and therefore have placed them at 25 cents per pair less than the usual price. The sizes run from 6 to 8, and the shades are the most magnificent ever introduced into the American market. By enclosing price with color and sizes wanted, in a letter, we will send gloves without cost.

Rev. Wm. Urie, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in this town, preached his farewell sermon on Sunday night last. We understand he intends to retire from the ministry, and will shortly move to Wilmington. The Philadelphia Conference is now in session, and his successor will be known in a few days. His congregation are looking, with no little interest, for the coming Timothy.

**Town Hall Meeting.**—All persons interested will bear in mind the meeting to be held in the Lecture Room of the Presbyterian Church, on Monday next, the 16th inst. at 3 o'clock, p. m., to elect seven Directors, to manage the affairs of the Company and to superintend the erection of the Town Hall, shortly to be commenced in this place. One dollar per share of the stock will be required at that time.

Forty shares of stock of the Citizens' National Bank of Middletown were sold on Thursday last, by Messrs. Woolston & Co. at the Board of Trade Rooms in Wilmington, for \$56 per share—par value \$50.

Lewis Zehley, of Brandywine Hundred, is a candidate for Sheriff.

# Delaware Rail Road Line.

## Spring Arrangement.

On and after MONDAY, March 16th, 1887, Passenger Trains will run as follows, until further notice:

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
Criffield, 11 20 A. M.	6 45 A. M.	Philad'a, 3 30 P. M.	8 30 A. M.
Marion, 11 50		Baltimore, 2 15	7 25
Kingston, 12 10		Wilmington, 5 05 P. M.	10 15
Wagons, 12 35		New Castle, 5 25	10 40
Princess Anne, 1 10	7 30	Bear, 5 55	11 15
Eden, 1 30		St. Georges, 6 15	11 35
Forktown, 1 50		Middletown, 6 35	11 55
Salisbury, 2 10	8 05	Townsend, 6 55	12 15
Delmar, 2 35		Blackbird, 7 15	12 35
Laurel, 2 40		Sassafras, 7 35	12 55
Seaford, 3 05	8 50	Chapman, 7 55	1 15
Bridgeville, 3 25		Arrive Smyrna, 8 15	1 35
Criffield, 3 50	9 10	Leave Brendon, 8 35	
Harrington, 4 15	9 30	Moorton, 8 55	1 55
Felton, 4 35	9 50	Dover, 9 15	2 15
Plymouth, 4 50	10 10	Camden, 9 35	2 35
Canterbury, 5 20	10 25	Will. Grove, 9 55	2 55
Wil. Grove, 5 35	10 40	Camden, 10 15	3 15
Camden, 5 55	11 05	Will. Grove, 10 35	3 35
Moorton, 6 05	11 25	Camden, 10 55	3 55
Brenford, 6 15	11 55	Camden, 11 15	4 15
Smyrna, 6 30	12 10	Camden, 11 35	4 35
Clayton, 8 25	12 35	Camden, 11 55	4 55
Sassafras, 8 30	13 00	Camden, 12 15	5 15
Blackbird, 8 40	13 40		
Townsend, 8 50			
Middletown, 9 05	11 20		
St Georges, 9 15	6 15		
St Georges, 8 30	6 30		
Bear, 9 40			
New Castle, 10 00	7 00		12 00 P. M.
Arrive Wilm., 10 25	7 20		12 20 P. M.
Philad'a, 11 55	9 00 P. M.		1 30 A. M.



